SEVERAL

NEW SONGS.

By THO. D'URFEY, *Gent.*

SET TO AS MANY

NEVV TUNES,

BY THE BEST

Maſters in Muſic.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Playford*, for *Joſeph Hindmarſh* (Bookſeller to His Royal Highneſs) at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*, 1684.

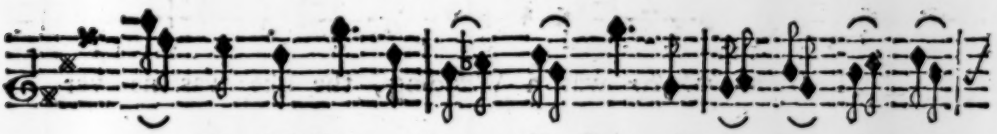
Printed by J. Flesher, for John Holdsworth (Bookseller to His Royal Highness) at the Black Bull in Cornhill, 1684.

A SCOTCH *Song, ſung to the King at* Windſor.

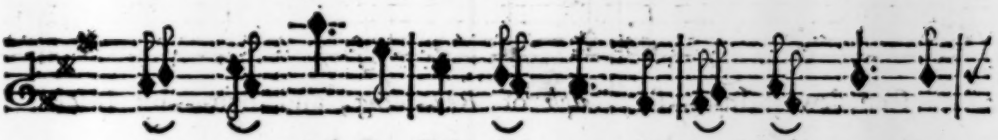
JUST when the young and blooming Spring had mel--ted down the

Win--ter Snow; and in the Grove the Birds did ſing their

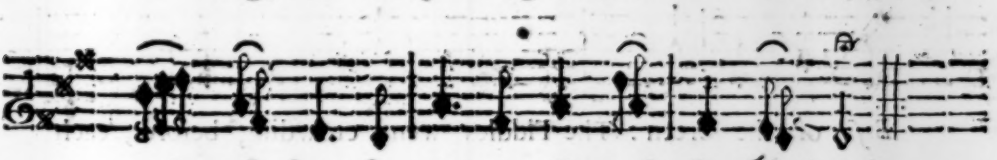
char-ming Notes on ev'---ry Bough: Poor *Will-y* ſate be-



moa--ning his fate, and wo---ful ſtate, for lo---ving, lo--ving,



lo---ving, and de--ſpai--ring too; A---las! he'd cry, that



I muſt dye, for pret--ty *Kate* of *E---den--brough.*

II.

Willy was late at a Wedding houſe,
Where Lords and Ladies danc'd all arow;
But *Willy* ſaw nene ſo pretty a Laſs,
As pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough.*
Her bright Eyes, with ſmiling Joys,
Did ſo ſurpriſe;
And ſomething, ſomething, ſomething
Elſe that ſhot him through:
Thus *Willy* lies entranc'd in Joys,
With pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough:*

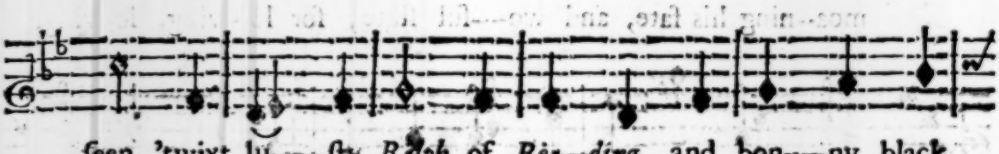
III.

The God of Love was *Willy*'s friend,
And caſt an Eye of Pity down;
And ſtraight a fatal Dart did ſend,
The cruel Virgin's Heart to wound.
Now every Dream is all of him,
Who ſtill does ſeem
More lovely, lovely, lovely,
Since the Marriage Vow:
Thus *Willy* lies entranc'd in Joys,
With pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

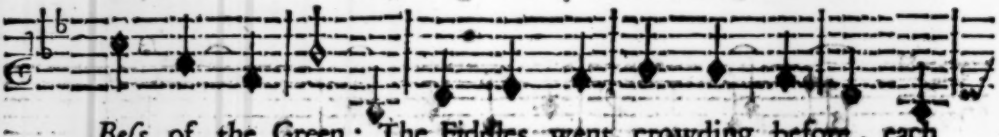
The WINCHESTER WEDDING,

Set to the King's Jigg; a Country Dance.

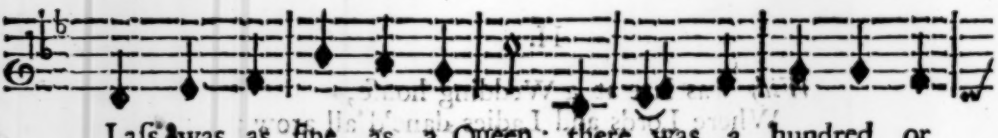
AT *Win--che--ſter* was a Wedding, the like was ne--ver



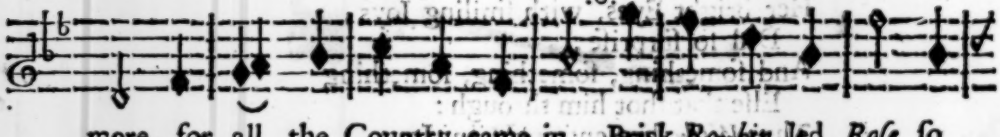
ſeen, 'twixt lu----ſty *Ralph* of *Rea--ding*, and bon---ny black



Beſs of the Green: The Fiddles went crowding before, each

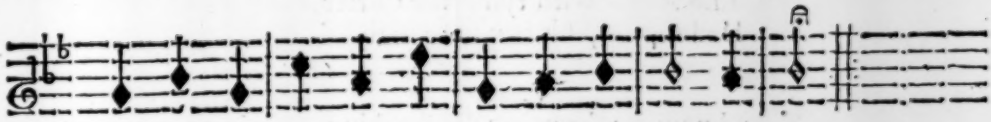


Laſs was as fine as a Queen; there was a hundred or



more, for all the Country came in. Brisk *Robin* led *Roſe* ſo

fair, ſhe look'd like a Lil---ly o'th' Vale; and Ruddy-fac'd



Har--ry led *Ma---ry*, and *Ro--ger* led bouncing *Nell.*

II.

With *Tommy* came ſmiling *Katy*,
He help'd her over the Stile,
And ſwore, there was none ſo pretty
In forty and forty long Mile.
Kit gave a green Gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his hand to riſe;
But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blue under the Eyes.
Thus merrily chatting all,
They paſs'd to the Bride-houſe along,
With *Johnny* and pretty-fac'd *Nanny*,
The faireſt of all the Throng.

III.

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was ſpoil'd;
And uſher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With bak'd, and roaſted, and boil'd.
The Lads were frolic and jolly,
for each had his Love by his ſide;
But *Willy* was melancholy,
For he had a mind to the Bride.
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer-glaſs on his Thumb;
But *Jenkin* was rated for drinking,
The beſt in Chriſtendom.

IV.

And now they had din'd, advancing
Into the mid'ſt of the Hall,
The Fiddles ſtruck up for Dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the Brawls.

But *Margery* kept a quarter,
A Laſs that was proud of her Pelf;
'Cauſe *Arthur* had ſtol'n her Garter,
And ſwore he would tye it himſelf.
She ſtruggl'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd,
And ready with Anger to cry;
'Cauſe *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
Had ſlip'd up his hand too high.

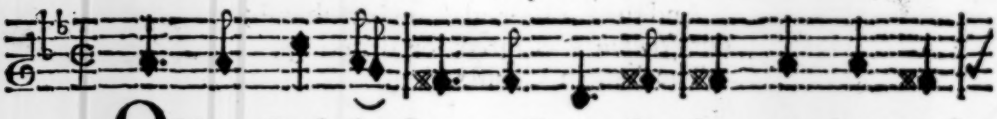
V.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
The Bride away was led;
The Bridegroom got drunk, was knocking
For Candles, to light 'em to bed.
But *Robin* that found him ſilly,
Moſt friendly took him aſide;
The while that his Wife with *Willy*,
Was playing at *Hooper*'s Hide.
And now the warm Game begins,
The Critical Minute was come;
And chatting, and billing, and kiſſing,
Went merrily round the Room.

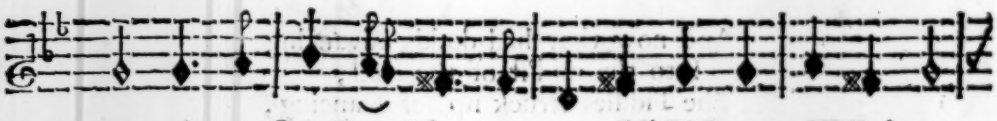
VI.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
And blith as a Bird in the Spring;
And *Tommy* was ſo to *Katy*,
And Wedded her with a Ruſh Ring.
Sueky that danc'd with the Cuſhion,
An hour from th' Room had been gone;
And *Barnaby* knew by her bluſhing,
That ſome other Dance had been done.
And thus of Fifty fair Maids,
That came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the Fifty was left ye,
That ſo did return agen.

The JILTS; *a Song ſung to the King at* Wincheſter.



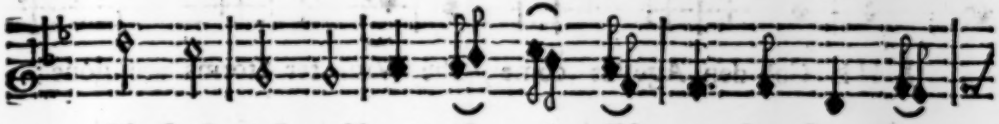
ON a Bank in flow--ry *June*, when Groves are green and



gay; in a ſmi--ling Af--ter-noon, with *Doll* young *Willy* lay:

They

They thought none were to ſpy 'em, but *Nell* ſtood liſt'ning by 'em;



Oh fye! *Doll* cry'd, no I vow, I'd ra---ther dye, than

wrong my Mo--de--ſty: Quoth *Nell*, that I ſhall ſee.

II.

Smarting pain the Virgin finds,
Although by Nature taught,
When ſhe firſt to Man enclines;
Quoth *Nell*, I'le venture that.
Then who would loſe a Treaſure
For ſuch a puny Pleaſure?
Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'le live and dye,
And to my Vow be true:
Quoth *Nell*, the more fool you.

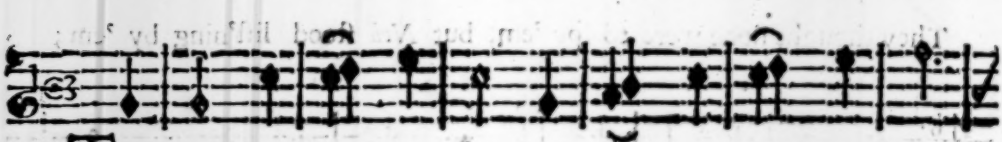
III.

To my Cloſet I'le repair,
And Godly Books peruſe;
Then devote my ſelf to Pray'r,
Quoth *Nell*, and —— uſe:
You Men are all perfidious,
But I will be Religious.
Try all, fly all, whil'ſt I have Breath deny ye all;
For the Sex I now deſpiſe:
Quoth *Nell*, by G--d ſhe lies.

IV.

Youthful Blood o're ſpreads her Face,
When Nature prompts to Sin;
Modeſty ebbs out apace,
And Love as faſt flows in:
The Swain that heard this ſchooling,
Aſham'd, left off his fooling;
Kill me, kill me, now I am ruin'd, let me dye:
You have damn'd my Soul to Hell;
Try her once again, cries *Nell*.

NEWMARKET; *a Song ſung to the King there.*



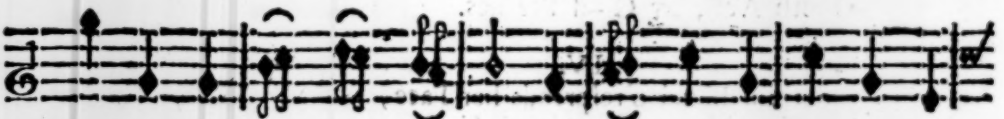
THE Gol--den Age is come, the Win---ter Storms are gone;

Flowers ſpread and bloom, and ſmile to ſee the Sun: Who dai---ly

guilds the Groves, and calms the Air and Seas; Nature ſeems in

love, when all the World's in Peace. Ye Rogues come ſaddle Ball, I'le

to *New--mar--ket* ſcour; you ne---ver mind when I call, you



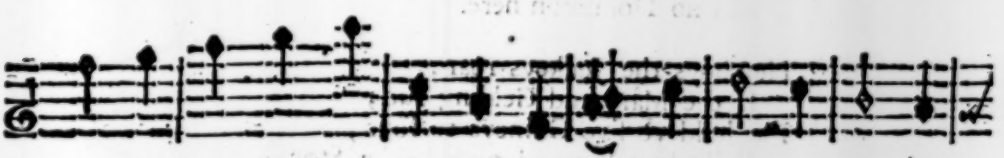
ſhould have been rea---dy this hour: For there are the Sports and the

Games, with--out a-----ny plot--ting of State; from Trea--ſon, or

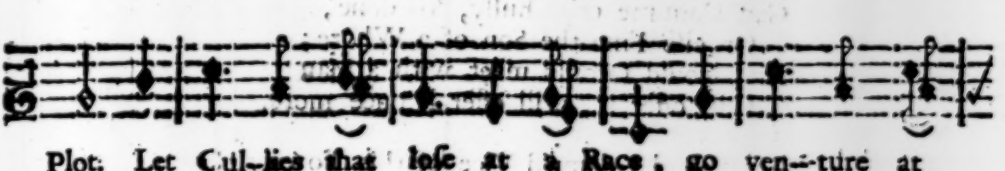
any

a---ny ſuch ſhame, de---li---ver us, de---li---ver us, Oh Fate! Let's

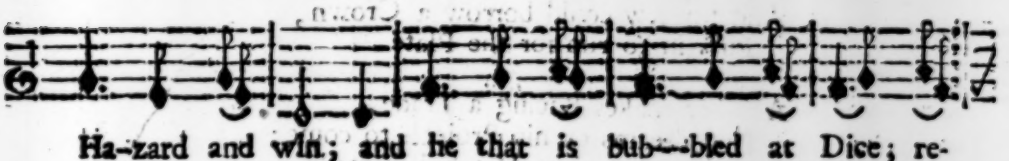
be to each o---thers a Prey, to be cheated be ev'---ry ones



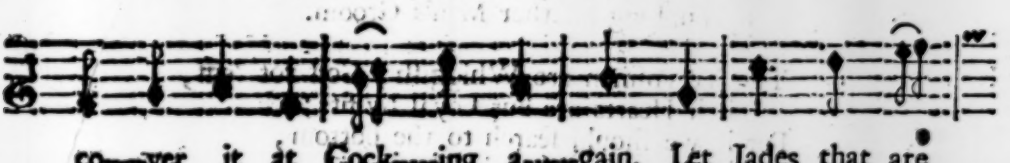
lot; or chows'd a---ny ſort of a way, but by a---no---ther



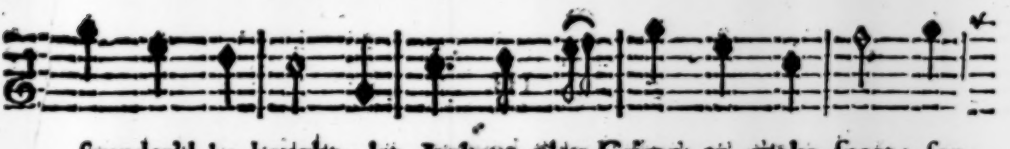
Plot. Let Cul-lies that loſe at a Race, go ven---ture at



Ha-zard and win; and he that is bub---bled at Dice; re-



co---ver it at Cock---ing a---gain. Let Jades that are



founder'd be bought, let Jockeys play Crimp to make ſport; for

faith it was ſtrange me-thought, to ſee *Tal---bot* beat the Court.

II.

Each corner of the Town
Rings with perpetual noiſe,
The Oyſter-bawling Clown
Joyns with Hot-Pudding-pies:

Who both in Conſort keep,
To vend their ſtinking Ware;
The drowzy God of Sleep
Has no Dominion here.

Hey-boys the Jockeys roar,
If the Mare and Gelding run;
I'le hold ye five Guineys to four,
He'le beat her and give half a Stone.

Gad Dam-me cries Bully, 'tis done,
Or elſe I'me the Son of a Whore;
And would I could meet with a Man
Will offer it, will offer it once more.

See, ſee the damn'd Vice of this Town,
A Fop that was ſtarving of late,
And ſcarcely could borrow a Crown,
Puts in to run for the Plate.

Another makes Racing a Trade,
And dreams of his Projects to come;
And many a crimp Match has made,
By bubbing another Man's Groom.

The Townſmen are Whiggiſh, God rot 'em,
Their Hearts are but Loyal by fits;
For if we ſhould ſearch to the bottom,
They're naſty as their Streets.

III.

But now all Hearts beware,
See, ſee on yonder Downs,
Beauty triumphs there,
And at this diſtance wounds.

In the *Amazonian* Wars,
Thus all the Virgins ſhone;
Thus like glittering Stars,
Paid Homage to the Moon.

Love proves a Tyrant now,
And here does proudly dwell;
For each ſtubborn Spirit muſt bow,
He has found out a new way to kill:

For ne're was invented before
Such Charms of additional Grace;
Nor had Divine Beauty ſuch Power,
In every, in every fair Face.

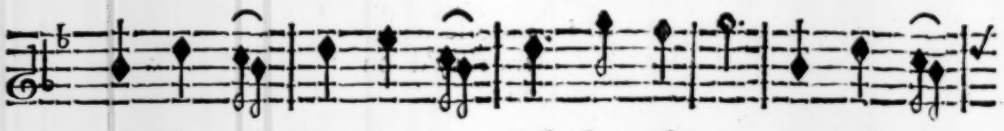
Udsbows, cries my Country-man *John*,
Was ever the like before ſeen?
By Hats and the Feathers they'd on
I took 'em all for Men:

Embroider'd and fine as the Sun,
On Horſes in Trappings of Gold,
Such a Show I ſhall nere ſee again,
Should I live to a hundred years old.

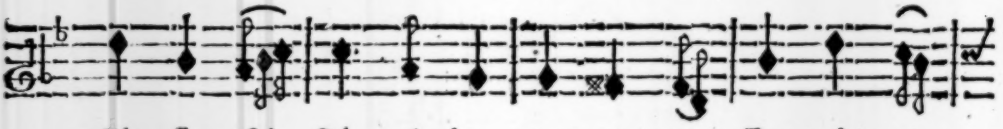
This, this, is the Country Diſcourſe,
All wond'ring at the rare ſight;
Then *Roger* go ſaddle my Horſe,
For I will be there to night.

To SYLVIA; *a Song ſet to a new Playhouſe Tune.*

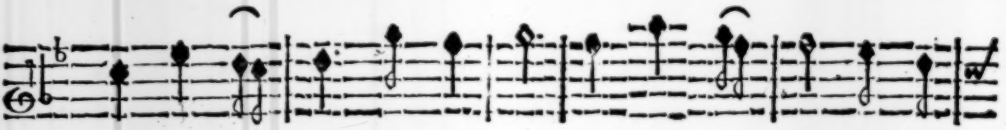
STate and Am--bi--tion, a----las! will de--ceive ye, there's



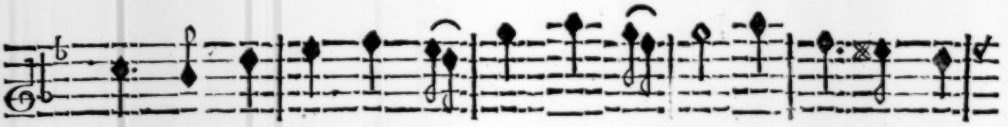
no ſo----lid Joy but the Bleſ--ſing of Love; Scorn does of



Plea--ſure fair *Syl----via* be--reave ye, your Fame is not



per---fect 'till that you remove: Monarchs that ſway the vaſt



Globe in their Glo--ry, know Love is their brighteſt Jewel of

Pow'r; poor *Phi--le--mon*'s Heart was or--dain'd to a---dore ye,

ah! then diſ--dain his Paſ---ſion no more.

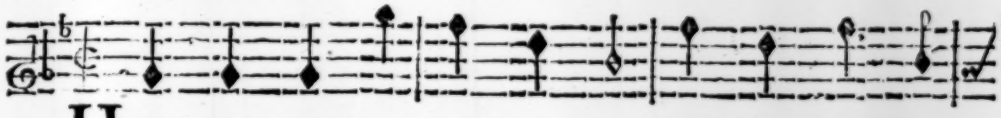
II.

Jove on his Throne was the Victim of Beauty,
His Thunder laid by, he from Heaven came down;
Shap'd like a Swan, to fair *Leda* paid Duty,
And priz'd her far more than his Heav'nly Crown:
She too was pleas'd with her beautiful Lover,
And ſtroak'd his white Plumes, and feaſted her Eye;
His Cunning in loving knew well how to move her,
By Billing begins the buſineſs of Joy.

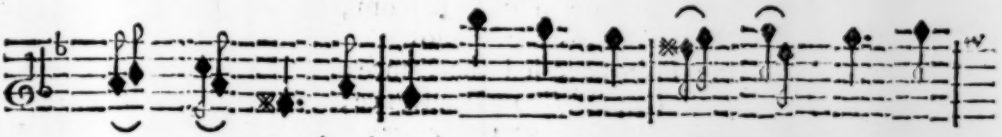
III.

Since Divine Powers Examples have given,
If we ſhould not follow their Precepts, we ſin;
Sure 'twill appear an Affront to their Heaven,
If when the Gate opens we enter not in.
Beauty my Deareſt was from the beginning,
Created to calm our Amorous Rage;
And ſhe that againſt that Decree will be ſinning,
In Youth ſtill will find the Curſe of old Age.

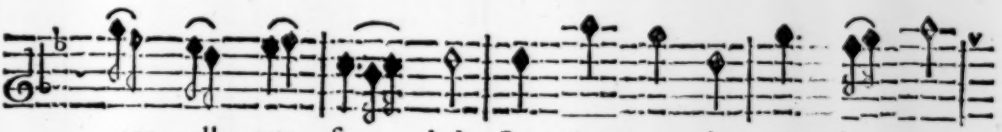
A SONG *on the late Victory over the* Turks.



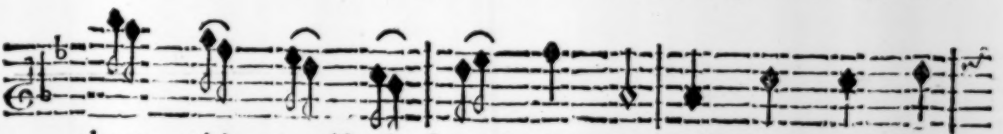
HArk! the thund'ring Ca----nons roar, ecchoing from the



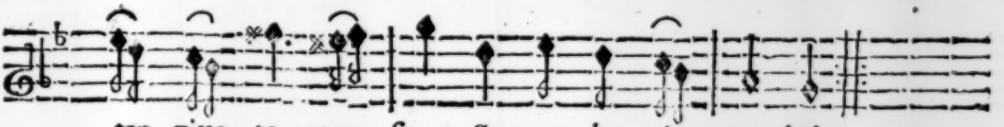
Ger--man ſhoar; and the joy---ful News comes o're, the *Turks*



are all con---foun---ded: *Lorrain* comes, they run, they run;



charge with your Horſe through the grand Half-Moon, we'll Quar-



ter give to none, ſince *Sta--rem--berg* is wounded.

II.

Cloſe your Ranks, and each brave Soul
Take a luſty flowing Bowl,
A grand Carouſe to th' Royal *POLE*,
The Empire's brave Defender:
No Man leave his Poſt by ſtealth,
Plunder the barbarous *Vizier*'s Wealth,
But drink a Helmet full, the Health
Of the ſecond *ALEXANDER*.

III.

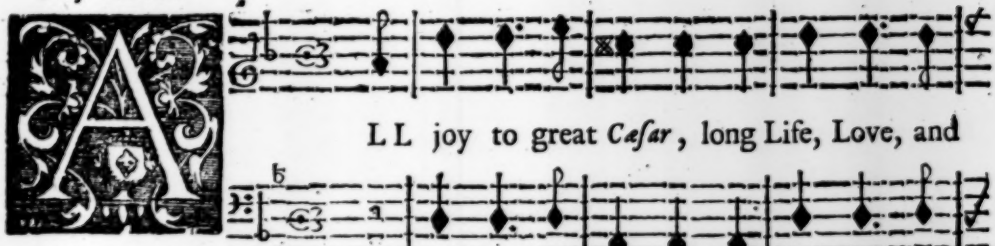
Mahomet was a ſober Dog,
A Small-beer, drouzy, ſenſeleſs Rogue,
The juice of the Grape ſo much in vogue,
To forbid to thoſe Adore him;
Had he but allow'd the Vine,
Given 'em leave to Carouſe in Wine,
The *Turk* had ſafely paſs'd the *Rhine*,
And conquer'd all before him.

IV.

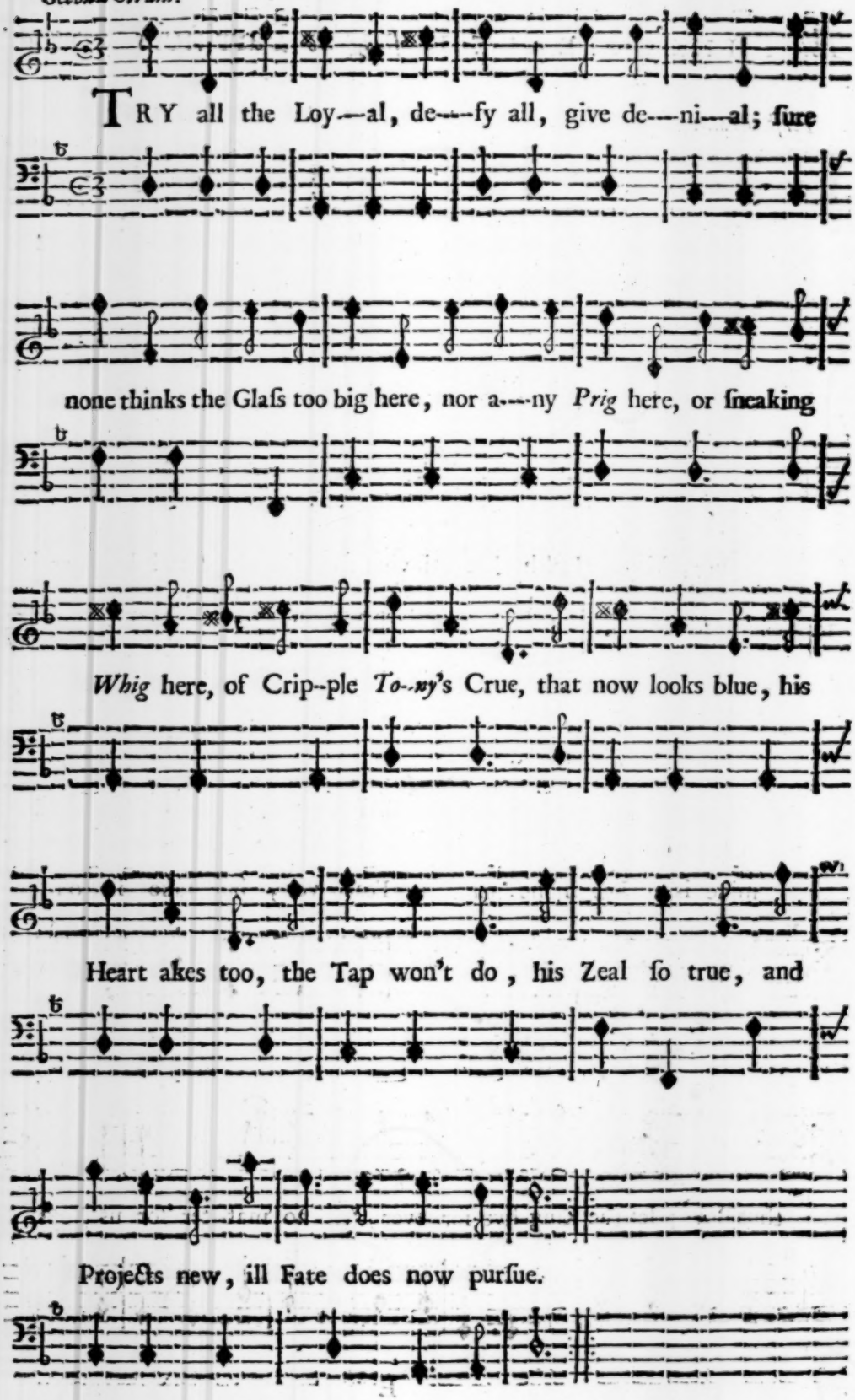
Infidels are now o'recome;
But the *Moſt Chriſtian Turks* at home,
Watching the Fate of Chriſtendom,
But all his Hopes are ſhallow:
Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
Let *Engliſh CÆSAR* now advance;
And if he ſends a Fleet to *France*,
He's a *Whig* that does not follow.

The KING'S-HEALTH, *ſung to* Farrinel's *Ground.*

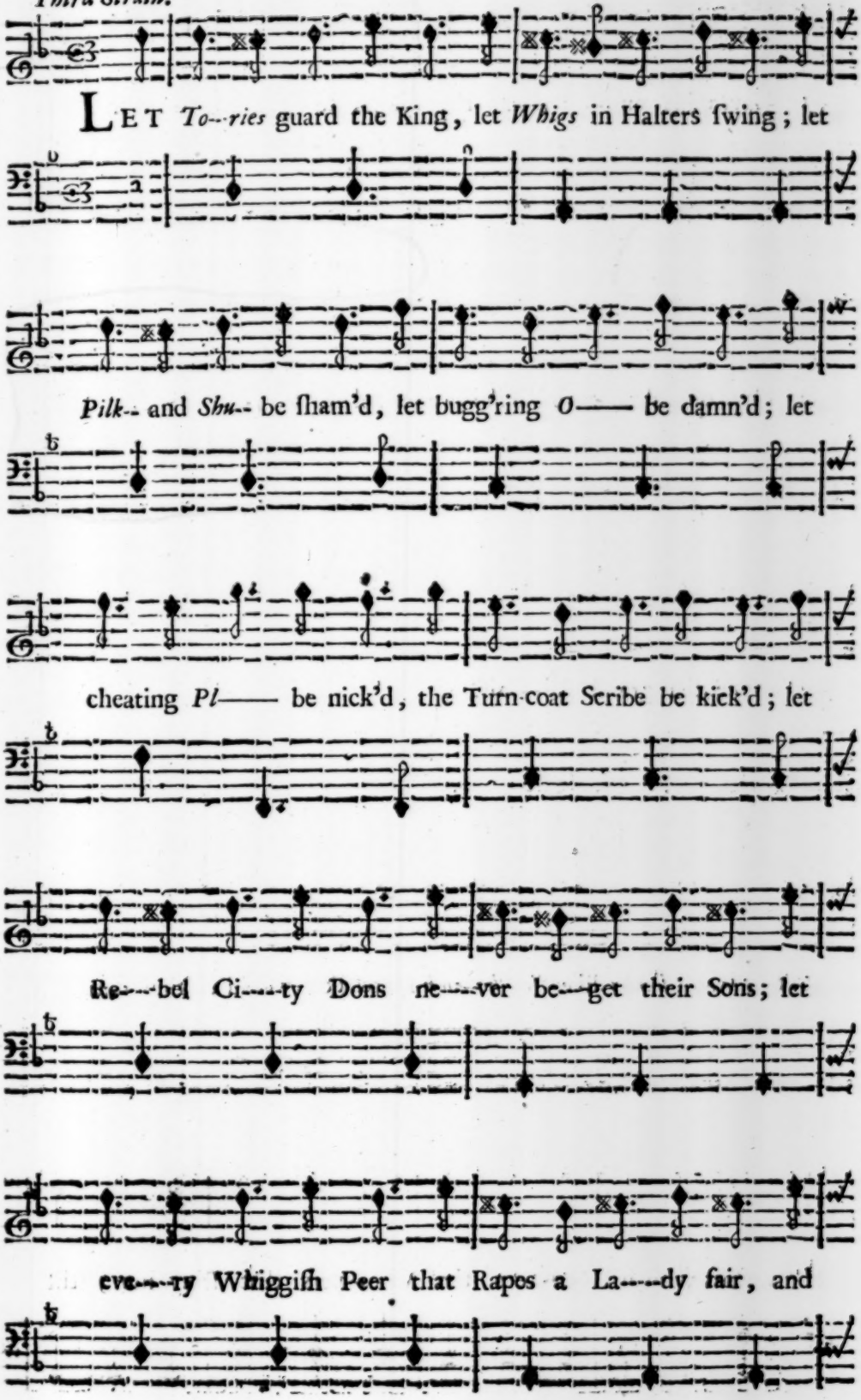
Firſt Strain.

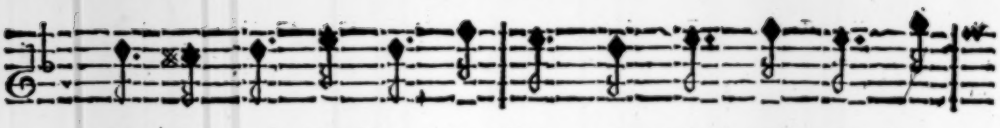


Second Strain.

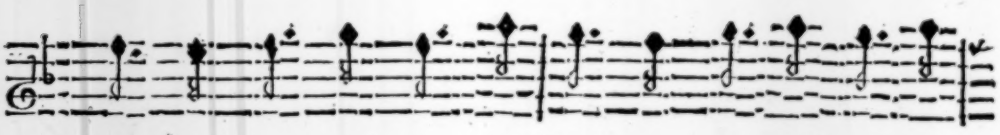


Third Strain.

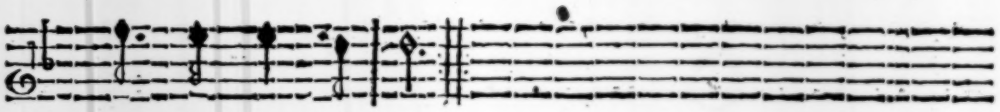




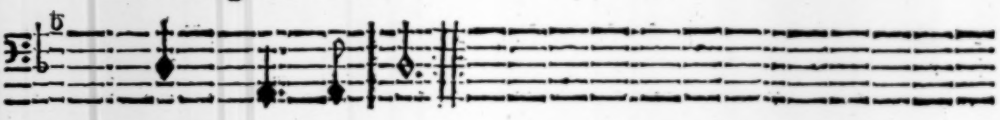
leaves his on----ly Dear the Sheets to gnaw and tear, be



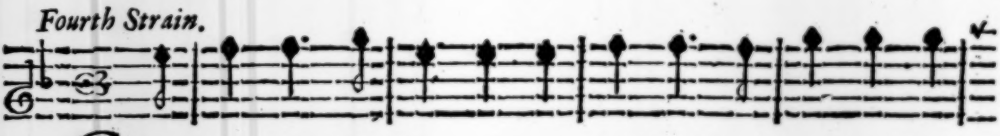
pu--niſh'd out of hand, and forc'd to pawn his Land, t'at-



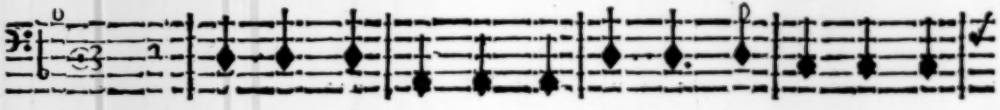
tone the grand Af---fair.



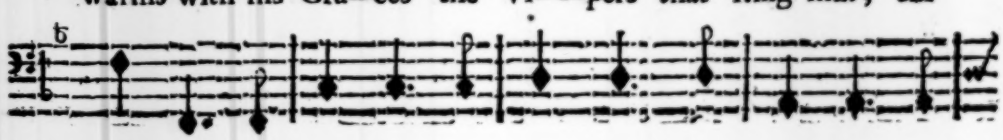
Fourth Strain.

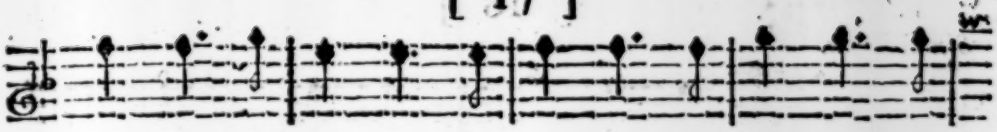


GReat *Charles* like *Je--ho--vah* ſpares Foes would unking him, and

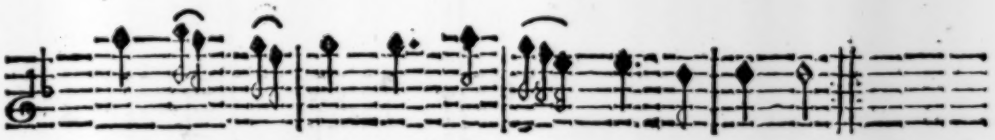


warms with his Gra--ces the Vi----pers that ſting him; 'till



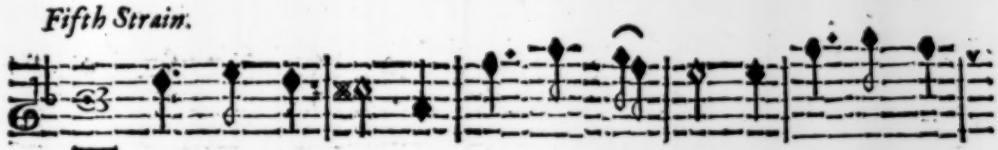


Crown'd with juſt An---ger the Re--bels he ſei--zes, thus

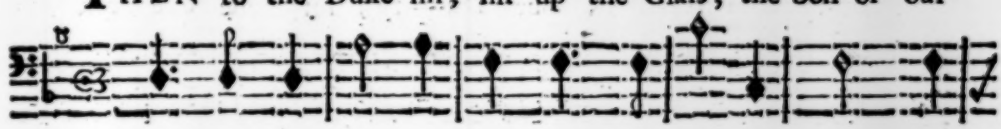


Hea--ven can Thun--der when e----ver it plea--ſes.

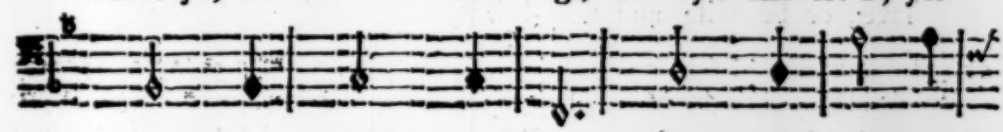
Fifth Strain.



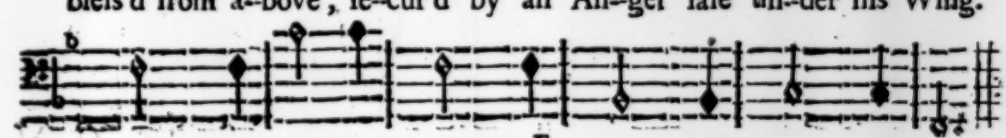
THEN to the Duke fill, fill up the Glaſs, the Son of our



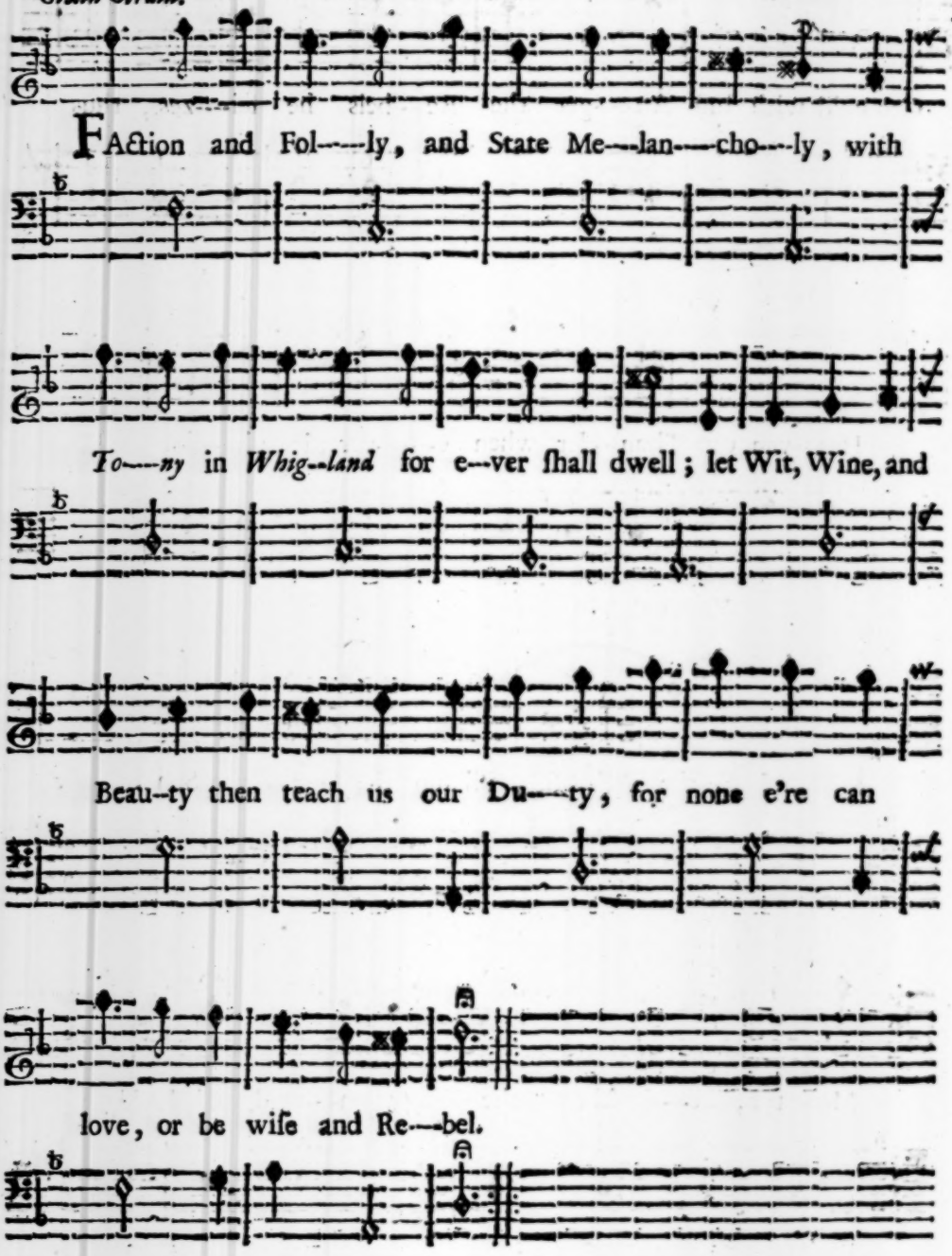
Mar--tyr, be---lov'd of the King; en---vy'd and lov'd, yet



bleſs'd from a--bove, ſe--cur'd by an An--gel ſafe un--der his Wing.

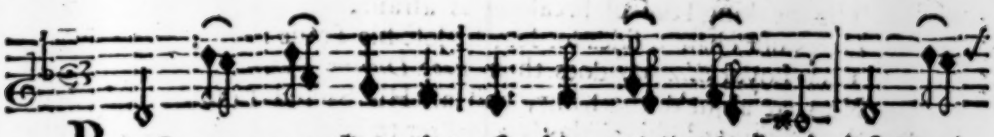


Sixth Strain.



LON-

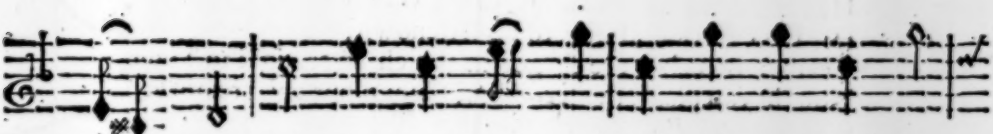
LONDON's LOYALTY.



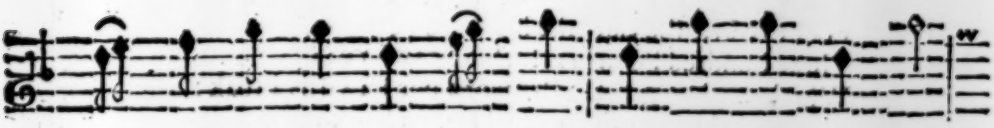
ROuſe up great Ge---nius of this po---tent Land, leſt Tray-

tors once more get the up---per hand; the Re--bel-Crowd their

for--mer Te---nents own, and Trea-ſons worſe than Plagues in--fect

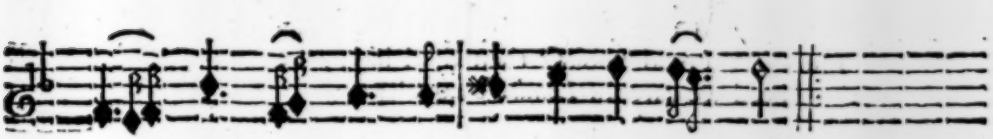


the Town: The ſneaking May'r and his two pimping Shrieves,



who for their ho---ne---ſty no bet---ter are than Thieves;

fall from their Sov'raign's ſide to court the *Mo---bi---le*,



Oh! *Lon--don*, *Lon--don*, where's thy Loy-al---ty?

II.

First, *Yorkſhire Patience* twirls his Copper Chain,
And hopes to ſee a *Commonwealth* again;
The ſneaking Fool of breaking is afraid,
Dares not change ſides for fear he loſe his Trade:
Then Loyal *Slingsby* does their *Fate Divine* ——
He that abjur'd the King, and all His Sacred Line,
And is ſuppos'd his Father's Murd'rer to be;
Oh! *Bethel*, *Bethel*, where's thy Loyalty?

III.

A moſt notorious Villain late was caught,
And after to the Bar of Juſtice brought;
But *Slingsby* pack'd a Jury of his own,
Of worſer Rogues than e're made Gallows groan:
Then *Dugdale*'s Evidence was ſoon decry'd,
That was ſo juſt and honeſt when old *Stafford* dy'd,
Now was a Rogue, a perjur'd Villain he.
Oh! Juſtice, Juſtice, where's thy Equity?

IV.

Next *Cl---ton* murmurs Treaſon unprovok'd,
He ſupp'd the King, and after wiſh'd him choak'd;
'Cauſe *Danby*'s Place was well beſtow'd before
He Rebel turns, ſeduc'd by Scarlet Whore:
His ſawcy Pride aſpires to high Renown,
Leather Breeches are forgot in which he trudg'd to Town,
Nought can pleaſe the ſcribbling Clown but th' Treaſury.
Oh! *Robert*, *Robert*, where's thy Modeſty?

V.

Pl---er now grows dull, and pines for want of Whore,
Poor *Creſwel*, ſhe can take his word no more,
Three hundred Pounds is ſuch a heavy Yoak,
Which not being paid, the worn-out Bawd is broak:
Theſe are the Inſtruments by Heaven ſent,
Theſe are the Saints Petition for a *Parliament*,
That would for Int'reſt-ſake deſtroy the Monarchy:
Oh! *London*, *London*, where's thy Loyalty?

VI.

Heaven bleſs fair *England*, and its Monarch here,
And *Scotland* bleſs your High Commiſſioner;
Let *Perkin* his ungracious Error ſee,
And *Tony* 'ſcape no more the Triple-Tree:
Then Peace and Plenty ſhall our Joys reſtore,
Villains and Factions ſhall oppreſs the Town no more;
But every Loyal Subject then ſhall happy be,
Nor need we care for *London*'s Loyalty.

FINIS.